Prin. O my ſweete beefe, I muſt ſtil be good Angell to thee, the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or thereabout; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels: they offend none but the vertuous, I land them, I praiſe them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horſe: for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hoſteſſe*, my breakefaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſayd, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampt,
Should goe ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongue of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your ſelfe.
Nay taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe ſo, and 'tis well: what letters haue y
but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not him

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leiſure to bee ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernement come they along?

Meſſ. His letters beare his mind, not I his min

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth hee keepe his bed

Meſſ. He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet for
And at the time of my departure hence,
Hee was much feard by his Phiſicion.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin wh
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now? droope now? this ſickneſs doth i
The very life-blood of our enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation,
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne, nor did he thinke
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne;
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our States,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read